

cle, and attended religious services and other gatherings of all descriptions. But that was thirty-four years ago, and this was the first free and easy visit we made to the place since then. True, we were back a number of times, but only on "flying trips," or missions of mercy or duty. Once for two weeks waiting on father during his last sickness, but scarcely left the house until after he was laid away to rest, and then hurried off home. Again, for about the same time, hurrying from place to place, begging for Ashland College; and we would not be too sanguine that we were always entirely welcome on that trip. We also made several preaching tours thro the Cove, but that was not visiting.

However, it is now too late to particularize of our personal associations, farther than to say, that we were kindly treated by all, and made the acquaintance of many of our near relatives, whom I could scarcely have recognized before. But, if the editor will permit, I shall be pleased to offer a few general applications.

Nearly twenty years ago, my daughter Lottie accompanied me on a hasty trip thro the Cove. I related many incidents of my past life to her as we passed along, pointing out the spots where they had occurred, when she remarked: "Why, papa, you seem to know every hill and hollow in the country, and every fence corner by the way." And so I did, and some of those spots are almost sacred to me. May I tell you of some of them?

Well, right there I first attended the public schools, fifty-eight years ago. It is not the same house but it stands about on the same spot. My attendance at that place covered some five or six years. The cemetery is just a few rods above the school house. On funeral occasions the teacher, marking the time, and noting the tolling of the bells, would march us out in line by the road-side, and as the procession approached we uncovered our heads until all had passed. Prof. John Miller was my first teacher. My father also took lessons from him at night.

Right across the brook, over yonder, among those trees, used to be my prayer closet. I had no room to myself at home. We all slept in the same room, with perhaps a curtain partition. I did not like the barn; it was not secluded enough. I preferred to pray audibly, and yet did not wish to be heard by men. So I resorted to the woods to pray. I do not remember that it ever occurred to me then that I had an illustrious example for my practice. What I wanted was a place of solitude, where I might confess my sins to God and beg his forgiveness, and there I found it. Oh, how I prayed and agonized and wept. I do not remember a word I said, but I can even now realize the emotions of pain and pleasure, which animated my being. I had given my heart to the Lord, and had received some comfort, but I had not yet made a full surrender of my body. I had much trouble until I was able to give my "body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," which he had told me

was my duty. I had even vowed obedience, but had neither obeyed nor set a time for doing so. I continued to pray and plead and vow as all stubborn sinners do, until I came to myself and discovered that there was only one time for me to be saved, and that time was *now*. So I said: "I'll do it now, right *now*." True to my promise, I rose from my knees and from that time forward I have tried to serve the Lord. A burden had rolled from my soul. I went right to my father and told him my determination, and he too, rejoiced with me. Everybody appeared to be more friendly and cheerful than they had been for weeks previous. All because I was better. It is always thus. Everybody is kinder when we feel kindly ourselves. Our neighbors become more accommodating when we run over with courtesy toward them. "All the world is full of love when there's love at home,"—that is, in our own hearts. Ever after that my "resort" had more of comfort and peace in it, but never any more positive assurance of God's presence or of his goodness. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Rom. 2: 2. I believe in repentance. It is one of the means of salvation. Penitence is one of the greatest factors of repentance. "Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation." I have been pained at the indifferent manner in which some people come forward and receive the initiatory rites of the church. Ministers of the gospel should not fail to teach their hearers that they "should repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance." Acts 26: 20.

Parents should as far as possible provide apartments for secluded meditation and devotion for their children. And the children should be taught to resort to their closets for prayer and religious thought. I believe it would be more profitable to read a few verses of Scripture, or sing a stanza of a good hymn and send the children to their rooms, with the admonition to talk to God in secret and he would reward them openly. In the morning is the better time for inductive service.

Personal.—My health is just now improving nicely. If I could have a month of convalescence I would be able to do some work on my book. I had a serious collapse after conference, and am not yet nearly as well as I was during conference. If I continue to improve I may be heard from again.

The last EVANGELIST brought me sad news in the death of my dear old brother, Joseph Shoemaker. He was one of the charter members and one of the faithful few of the Ashland City Brethren church. He and his sister, Betsy Markley, could always be depended on—when health permitted—at the prayer meeting, and the dear old hymn, "Sweet hour of prayer" was sure to be called for at least once. The Lord sustain the lonely widow. I was also pained to learn of the death of elder Daniel Keller, of the German Baptist Brethren. He was a dear good brother, and had attained to the age of nearly 84 years. He was elder of the same congregation for 47 years. His death was caus-

ed by an accident from a freight train, while on a mission of love. I also offer my condolence to the bereaved family of brother Michael J. Thomas of New Virginia, Iowa. A good man has been taken from among us, and one who was great in his own home, and desired no greater reputation. And so they go, one after another.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest."
Berlin, Pa.

North Georgetown, Ohio

Nothing has ever been heard from this place through the EVANGELIST for a long time, although there are three corresponding secretaries in the field. Taking all the hindrances, financially, socially, and forgetfulness of religious duty, and while perhaps, we have not exercised that charity and love toward our brother and sister as we ought to have done, yet with all these short comings we have been supremely blessed. God in his infinite mercy has not removed one from us within the year, but was a compassionate God and poured out his choicest blessings upon us. And now while our pastor, Brother Kimmel is holding a series of meetings at this place, the Lord is manifesting himself among us. Meeting has been in progress one week, and is well attended. Attention and order good. The result we trust to the Lord who knows what is best. There are some who are thoroughly convicted and realize the great risk in delay, but from some secret cause carry their immortal soul (as it were) in their hands, and we fear that through procrastinating, and letting all the golden opportunities pass by, that God will cease striving and shut the door of mercy, and in the morning of the resurrection they will wake up and cry out, *lost, lost, forever lost.*

GEORGE A. RUFF.

Olathe, Kansas

Home for a few days. Closed Sunday evening with twelve baptized at Galesburg, Kansas. Wonderful spiritual meetings, large attendance, the best of order, and many under conviction. Praise the Lord for converting power that makes souls tremble. Fathers and mothers shed tears when their children came to Christ. The members with their pastor, Brother Hannan, are much encouraged; full of the Holy Ghost and zeal, reaching for those whom they love, and are yet out in the world. May the Lord help them so that those under conviction may be brought to Christ and be saved.

How our heart goes out for the cause we are interested in. And how many ministers are needed, full of zeal and Holy Ghost in our Kanemorado district. God help us ministers to get in the spirit and inspiration, and stop the dry bone, fodder and husk sermons of to day, with no spirit in them. The Lord willing we expect to take up the work in Kansas city. We are aware it's go-